

## starlight, starbright

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by [sadiehour \(akapeterman\)](#)

### Summary

“That’s twice tonight, baby,” Dream murmured, placing a gentle hand against George’s back. “You okay?”

George whipped his head around to stare at him, his eyes clear. “What?”

Dream froze, his own half-asleep haze melting away as surprise etched its way through his veins.

“Oh, hey, George.” He tried to sound casual as heat rose to his face and his ears burned scarlet. “Sorry, I thought you were sleepwalking.”

“You thought I was *what*?”

or; 4 times George sleepwalks, and one time he's still awake.

### Notes

georges stream the other day was the perfect motivation to finish this. also thank you thank you to [rlcaner](#) for being such a lovely beta reader MWAH go check out their works if you have not already they are absolutely incredible <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Activity at all hours in the Dream Team household was inevitable, that much had become clear even in the earliest days of living together.

Between Dream's terrible habit of staying awake for days on a productive streak, and Sapnap going in and out of the house at any possible hour because he liked both the warmth of the sun on his neck while he skateboarded during the day and the quiet tranquility of nights spent outside, or even George getting hungry in the middle of the night and ordering food because the nearby McDonald's is open 24 hours and he can just do stuff like that—it was safe to say the house was busy.

That's not even including how Dream's mom would arrive at normal people hours with food and a listening ear and his sister raiding their cabinets for the "good snacks" Sapnap and George would buy that her mom refused to purchase.

So it wasn't a surprise that when Dream took a break from the Youtube black hole he had fallen into at an ungodly hour of the morning to grab some water bottles from downstairs to refill the mini fridge in his room, he heard a door opening somewhere down the hall.

He halted, trying to listen to the weight of the footsteps on the floor to see if he could deduce who it was.

The light treading of socks padding across floorboards made him think it was George; Sapnap had a tendency to step with the heels of his feet, stomping against tile in a way that shakes the floor. It drove George crazy.

But it was also three in the morning, and maybe Sapnap was making an effort to be quiet, so Dream made the executive decision to hang out in the kitchen another moment to see who it was.

Even though the figure was looking at the ground with his face covered, the familiar dark head of hair poking through the doorway was enough for Dream to see he was right.

"Hey, George."

George didn't answer him, still walking forward with his head down.

Dream cleared his throat and spoke louder. "George?"

This time George froze. He looked up and blinked, eyes blank. It was more than a little creepy, and Dream laughed nervously.

"Um, what's up?"

"Water." George's voice was raspy and dull.

Dream moved aside for him so he wasn't in the way of the water dispenser on the fridge door, but instead of going to the fridge, George walked into him.

"Uh, wha- *George*?" Dream repeated, thoroughly confused. "Are you feeling okay?"

He nudged him a little away from his arm, ignoring George's mild noise of protest so he could lay a palm against his forehead. But his frown only deepened when George wasn't warm, his skin honestly cooler than usual to the touch.

"What's wrong with you?"

George muttered a quiet noise of discontentment that kind of reminded him of a cat, his eyes half-lidded, and all at once the pieces began to fall together.

Dream knew George was an avid sleepwalker, he had been on the phone enough times with George asleep to hear the nonsensical things that would come out of his mouth.

But this...was new. George was up and about and moving. As he observed longer, he became even more sure of his conclusion.

George was *sleepwalking*.

What do you even *do* when someone is sleepwalking?

*Don't wake him up*, his brain reminded him urgently. He didn't actually know if that was true, but that was pretty much the extent of his knowledge on this topic so he figured he shouldn't regardless.

He felt George's forehead nudge at his shoulder, pulling him out of his thoughts and he looked up in surprise.

"What?"

*He's cold*, Dream realized. There were goosebumps running up and down the skin of his arms, and without another thought he wrapped the smaller man in a hug. George melted for all of one minute, dissolving comfortably into the embrace before he apparently decided he was bored, and irritably pulled away.

He wandered over to sit at a kitchen stool and Dream moved with him, taking care to stand beside him in case he went off balance and fell. But for now George seemed pretty content to just sit in the chair, his eyes still blearily zombie-like so Dream used this as his opportunity to pull up a quick Google search.

*What the fuck do I do when my best friend is sleepwalking.*

The most prominent information Dream found consistently over a few articles was to just lead the sleepwalking person back to bed without disturbing them, but he clicked on a couple links to skim through the information. He was correct with his initial instinct not to wake him up, although it wasn't necessarily dangerous, it just risked disorienting and freaking the hell out of George.

"Oh." George's voice pulled him away from the article he was reading. Dream looked up.

"What's up, Georgie?"

"Coffee," George enunciated carefully. "Tea. Apple juice." He was pointing at random spots on

the wall, and Dream wasn't sure if he should laugh or be concerned. "Blue." That word was punctuated by a jabbed finger to the middle of Dream's chest, and he raised his eyebrows, amused.

"That's a pretty controversial take, but I see where you're coming from," Dream said seriously.

"I don't want it."

Part of Dream wanted to laugh, or record him, or something. It was funny, seeing George sleepwalk. But another part of him didn't want to do any of that, instead his chest was burning with something that bordered unfamiliarity. It felt protective. George was vulnerable, like this. Softly disheveled and unusually subdued.

Without thinking, Dream carded a tender hand through chocolate curls with a gentleness George couldn't help but lean into. He was practically purring at the contact, which had Dream biting his tongue to choke back a wheeze. It was something that would be way too awkward with awake George, but with George like this, all cuddly and close, it was easy.

*Woah*, Dream's brain reeled. *Too much. Back off, dude*. This was probably a good time to put the article's advice to good use.

"Why don't we get you to bed, idiot," Dream's voice was unrecognizably tender. He took great care in helping George off the chair, gentle though his head was spinning.

"Blue," he murmured again as Dream guided him towards his bed. Dream had been worried about the stairs, but luckily sleepwalking George seemed honestly more competent with stairs than awake George, and had gotten up them with ease.

Dream smiled, his heart warm as he watched George climb back into bed on his own accord, eyes falling all the way shut.

"Night, George. Love you."

He was careful to be quiet as he shut the door behind him and wondered what the hell he was supposed to do with this new information.

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It was a while before it happened again.

A few weeks passed without another incident, the former one never brought up, George having no recollection of it happening, and Dream was beginning to wonder if it even happened at all.

He had almost chalked it up to being some kind of weird product of sleep deprivation when this time, there was what sounded kind of like a knock at his cracked open bedroom door.

Dream yawned from where he'd been lying on his bed, glancing at the time in the top corner of his phone. He had been meaning to go to sleep for the past few hours, but going to sleep meant having to get up to brush his teeth and changing out of his daytime clothes which seemed like a lot of work, so he opted for lying on top of his covers and scrolling through social media pages.

"Come in," Dream said, sitting up curiously. George had gone to sleep just a couple hours ago, and Sapnap almost always chose to text him instead of barging into his room, especially at this ungodly hour. (Their rooms were on different floors, and they were lazy. Sue them.)

The door was pushed the rest of the way open revealing familiar brown eyes and tousled hair,

looking ruffled.

“George,” Dream greeted, squinting at his face in the light from the hallway nightlight.

George didn’t say anything back, standing stock still and silent in his doorway.

*That’s not creepy at all*, Dream thought sarcastically, briefly, and the thought brought him back to the night in the kitchen over a month ago. *Oh*

“George?” Dream tried again, just to be sure. “Are you awake?”

Still, George said nothing. Dream took this as confirmation that yes, his best friend was indeed sleepwalking again, and this time had come to seek him out.

“Alright,” he huffed out a breath, pushing himself out of bed and brushing his hands together in front of him. “Let’s get you back to bed, sound good?”

Dream walked past George out the door experimentally so he was standing in the hallway and looked to see if George was following him. He wasn’t, instead gazing at him almost curiously. Dream sighed and reached out a gentle hand so it was resting on the middle of the brunet’s back, urging him forward. This time, he complied with ease, content to move wherever Dream’s steady touch guided him.

Dream had assumed that, like last time, George would just get into bed once they reached his room.

Dream remembered the last time, when George had gone up the stairs by himself and gotten into bed unprompted. Now, George stood in front of him, eyes half-closed but somehow he still looked defiant.

“George, come on, bed time.” He was careful to keep his tone soft, like the ever reliable Internet had informed him to do, but a bit of exasperation crept in anyways.

Still, George didn’t move a muscle, his glazed expression making him look almost...expectant.

Dream pursed his lips and moved closer to George’s side, brushing his bangs away from his forehead with a tenderness he wasn’t even aware he possessed.

“Okay, what’s wrong, baby?” The pet name slipped out, but he didn’t make any effort to bite it back. George turned his face so his nose was buried in Dream’s shoulder, and without thinking, Dream wrapped an arm around his shoulder to hold him closer.

George practically *melted* against him, and the blond suddenly caught the hint and pulled him tightly into a hug.

The first thing he noticed was that George smelled like lavender and laundry detergent. He closed his eyes and breathed in; Dream thought it smelled like home.

George’s swaying legs brought him back to the present and Dream pulled away, carding a tender hand through brunet curls.

“You ready to get back into bed now, Georgie?”

George didn’t say anything, but he hummed contently and his eyes slipped from half-lidded to shut.

Without warning his knees buckled, and crumpled so Dream found himself supporting his entire weight. In one motion, he swept George off the ground and into his arms. Gently, he pushed aside his blankets and placed him in bed.

He ignored the way he had to resist the fluttering urge under his skin to press a kiss to his forehead before he left.

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Over time, Dream noticed they were starting to develop a bit of a routine. It didn't happen every night, not even close, but it happened a little more often than the time between the first two. Dream slowly began to connect the correlation that the more stressed George was the more often it happened.

He wasn't totally sure if George knew he was sleepwalking, he didn't really know how to bring it up. He was pretty sure George had mentioned it in the past, so he kind of figured the brunet was probably aware of it happening now and hadn't brought it up. Dream didn't want to embarrass him, and he really didn't mind leading George back to bed when he wandered. It didn't happen often enough to be a problem, and some Googling said it was fine. George never seemed to do anything dangerous, he usually just needed a hug and someone to prompt him back to bed. Sometimes he was talkative and muttering random words that made him laugh, and sometimes he wouldn't say a single thing and just wanted to be held. Regardless of the demeanor, Dream found himself enjoying the nights where sleepwalking George would visit.

He did make sure to...well... *George-proof* the house a little better, though. Especially when he noticed his best friend getting more stressed. Though at times sleepwalking George seemed more competent than awake George, and he was quite predictable so far, Dream was nervous about the potential irrationality. Dream was also just paranoid, and even though the brunet had never shown any interest in trying to leave the house or pick up knives or anything like that, he made sure to take extra care in keeping them out of the way, just in case.

It was daytime, and George had been up all night working on some project with Quackity. Dream had passed him, purple-ringed eyes and ruffled hair, heading up to bed sometime around noon.

Sapnap and Dream were floating around in the kitchen, trying to decide on what to have for some kind of late lunch-early dinner thing. They had been going back and forth for almost fifteen minutes, none of the left-overs in the fridge were appealing and neither of them felt like properly cooking.

"Do we have any of that salmon left that your mom makes?"

Dream shrugged. "We might have some frozen in the downstairs freezer that we can heat up."

"Can you get it?" Sapnap batted his eyelashes playfully for effect, and Dream rolled his eyes.

"You have legs, you know," he retorted, even as he stood up. He whacked Sapnap in the arm on his way past towards the basement, laughing at the indignant squawk he received in response.

"Love you!" Sapnap called after him.

"Yeah, yeah."

After some rummaging, Dream couldn't find the salmon, but he did pull out a couple frozen pizzas he figured would tide them over. He was heading back up when he heard Sapnap talking to someone.

“Hey, George.”

Dream’s eyes widened when no response came, and the fact that *George was stressed and had gone to bed a couple hours ago* was at the forefront of his mind, and he raced up the stairs.

Dream reached the kitchen just as Sapnap was shaking George’s shoulder, looking incredibly confused and somewhat freaked out. Everything seemed to freeze, and the blond could only watch as George’s eyes flew wide open and he whirled around, looking more distressed than Dream had seen him before.

“*Sapnap*,” Dream hissed, his glare nothing short of venomous.

Sapnap’s head whipped to the side at Dream’s startling presence, and put his palms up defensively. “What did I do? What even—?”

“Wha—where am—” George spoke over him. The brunet looked stressed, definitely more coherent than his absent state but he still didn’t really look awake.

And then George burst into tears.

“*What—?*” Sapnap reached out for his shoulder, gentler, this time—but George flinched away, agitation flashing clear in his hazy eyes.

Something about the motion seemed to pull Dream out of his frozen state, and he jumped into action. “Shhh, George. You’re okay.”

The effect of Dream’s voice was instantaneous. George’s shoulders slumped, though tears continued to roll down his cheeks and his vision looked cloudy—his eyes almost wild with panic and confusion.

“Hey, George. We’re gonna go to bed now, okay? You were sleepwalking, but you’re okay. We’re in the kitchen right now.” Dream took a step closer, almost like he was talking to a scared animal. George was really out of it right now, he didn’t want to startle him any more than he had to.

“I’m gonna put my hand on your back, that alright? I’m just gonna take you up to bed.”

It wasn’t until Dream had his hand against warm fabric that he realized what George had on, the grey material clad with familiar red lettering.

George was wearing *his* sweater.

Dream’s eyebrows shot up to his hairline. He side eyed Sapnap, trying to gauge if he had noticed. However Sapnap was just standing there, still looking incredibly confused, and Dream figured he should count his blessings that he had bigger things to worry about.

It left Dream to swirl in the wave of emotions by himself, of how *George was practically swimming in his sweater*, and he was grateful he had to turn away to lead George up the stairs so no attention would be brought to the heat rushing to his face.

*Be right back*, Dream mouthed over his shoulder, ushering George down the hall. The brunet had practically fallen back asleep on his feet, and even with his chest swooping, the taller had no problem resuming their usual routine.

Dream returned almost ten minutes later looking significantly more disheveled than when he left.

“Sorry,” he amended. “I didn’t mean to snap at you—you didn’t know. I just know it’s not fun to wake up like that.”

Sapnap paced back and forth. “Didn’t know *what* ? What just happened?”

Dream couldn’t help but crack a smile at the absurdity of this situation. “He was sleepwalking.”

“George... *sleepwalks*?”

“George sleepwalks,” he confirmed with a nod.

“Does—” Sapnap gestured in the direction of the hall that George had disappeared down. “Does *that* usually happen?”

Dream shook his head. “No, it’s only if he kinda wakes up. It’s happened once before, when he tripped in the hallway and jolted himself. He doesn’t fully wake up, but he gets, like, disoriented and scared. Usually he just goes back to bed himself, though, sometimes he gets me to lay with him for a little.”

“You... *lay* with him?”

Dream tried to swallow down the heat creeping up his face.

“I just help him be more comfortable. It only happens when he’s, like, stressed and stuff. Or having a hard time. I think it helps him deal with it better.”

Sapnap hummed, looking thoughtful. “Why didn’t either of you tell me?”

Dream didn’t really have an answer for that. How could he explain the intensely selfish urge to protect George without sounding horribly lovesick? He really couldn’t, so he elected to shrug instead.

“I haven’t brought it up since it started happening here, but he’s mentioned it in the past. It’s not that big a deal, it doesn’t happen super often. And like, we all know he sleep talks. It’s not that different.”

“No,” Sapnap disagreed. “This is *so* much creepier. He was like a zombie, his eyes were—like—lifeless, or some shit. That *freaked me out* , dude.”

Part of Dream wanted to agree, because it *had* freaked the hell out of him too when he first saw George’s blank stare, but the other part of him didn’t like those words being used to describe George, so he frowned.

“It’s not that bad. He’s usually funnier than that. Or more—like—cuddly.” Dream chuckled. “Sleepwalking George is clingy as hell.”

Sapnap looked skeptical. He squinted his eyes like he was searching for something on Dream’s face, before shrugging.

“I’ll take your word for it.”

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Something that Dream had noticed quickly is when George was sleepwalking, he almost always



went to one of two places—the kitchen or Dream’s room. He somehow always managed to locate the blond in his sleep without fail, it was honestly impressive at this point. And kind of wholesome.

Today though, the last thing Dream expected was for sleepwalking George to make an appearance.

Dream had not been having a good day. Outside was overcast and rainy, which meant he had woken up with a mild headache from the weather and the sound of the rain pattering was irritating. He had an early meeting that he missed his alarm for, and now he was dealing with the fallout of that, and now he was trying to edit to de-stress in hopes that being productive would help him feel better.

It helped when he got into the zone. He was editing, clicking and dragging clips so they’d match with the music and allowing the suspense to build nicely—

The door opened to his room, disrupting his focus.

“*Dude*,” Dream snapped before he even saw who it was. “Knock next time, I’m working on something.”

There was no audible response, and upon hearing footsteps he drew his gaze away from his computer and was met with a clearly sleeping George, standing three feet in front of him.

He sighed and pushed his chair away from his desk a little to get a better look at him, frowning.

“George, it’s the middle of the day, love,” he murmured, briefly turning back to his computer to move his mouse and save his progress.

While he was busy, George came right up in front of him, and before he even had the chance to process what was happening, the brunet was climbing into his lap and burying his face into the crook of his neck.

“Wha— *George!*” Dream exclaimed, hushed and surprised. His cheeks reddened as George’s hands curled into fists around the fabric of his shirt, clinging to the blond like he was afraid he would run away.

George hummed quietly, his breath pleasantly tickling Dream’s skin.

“You wanna go back to bed, baby?” Dream asked softly, rubbing a hand in circles on George’s back.

Hands tightened their grip, a clear *no* even without words. Dream couldn’t help but smile; he couldn’t deny that this was comfortable. George was kind of like a person-sized weighted blanket, and he felt his own stress melting away under the pressure.

He let his head rest against George’s, letting himself be engulfed in the comfort of his presence, breathing in familiar lavender and laundry soap. A part of him wondered if maybe, George had somehow sensed his bad day and come to seek him out. It wouldn’t really be surprising, they seemed to be remarkably in tune with the cycles of each other’s moods.

Dream exhaled a feeling akin to bliss and rested against him for another moment before he looped his arms around George so he could resume working. He felt content with George slotted up against him while he edited, fitting together like that’s how it was supposed to be.

Later, Dream would carry him back to bed so he wouldn’t wake up disoriented and freaked out,

because the warmth in his chest that came with caring kindled bright. But for now, he stayed still, feeling the steady heartbeat against his own chest and allowed himself to bask in how important it felt to be loved by George.

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One Friday, Dream was tired. George had been up almost every night this week, and both of their workloads were heavy right now. A number of projects were coming together, which meant constant meetings and working. Needless to say, they were all burnt out.

It was dark, and Dream was lying in bed thinking about how he had to get out of bed so that he could get ready for bed before he could actually get to bed. He was debating just falling asleep like this when there was a figure hovering by his open doorway, a shadow only made visible from the nightlight far down the hall. A figure that was suspiciously George-like.

“Dream.” George’s voice was quiet, his silhouette becoming clearer in the doorway.

Dream’s eyebrows flew up. He had already been up earlier, Dream didn’t think it had happened multiple times in one night before.

He rolled out of bed and headed to George’s side, humming fondly despite his surprise.

He was well versed in the language of sleepwalking George by now, and knew he was most receptive to Dream’s soft tone.

“That’s twice tonight, baby,” Dream murmured, placing a gentle hand against George’s back and assuming his usual role of guiding him back to his room. “You okay?”

George whipped his head around to stare at him, his eyes clear. “What?”

Dream froze, his own half-asleep haze melting away as surprise etched its way through his veins.

“Oh, hey, George.” He tried to sound casual as heat rose to his face and his ears burned scarlet. “Sorry, I thought you were sleepwalking.”

“You thought I was *what*?”

Dream sighed, feeling too tired and entirely unprepared to have this conversation right now. He had planned on bringing it up with George at some point later this week now that it was happening often to see if there was anything he wanted to look into himself to try and reduce it, but it was taking time to word it correctly in his head. Despite the brunet being more awake than he realized, George was still swaying a little which concerned him and he nudged him towards his bed. George complied, sitting on the mattress while Dream flicked on a lamp, looking grateful to be off his feet regardless.

“Y’know. Sleepwalking. Walking around...in your sleep.”

“I’ve been *sleepwalking*?”

Dream shrugged. “Yeah.”

“How often?”

“Not super often, usually only a few times a month. This week it’s been almost every day, though.”

It was George's time to flush red. "Why didn't you say anything?"

Dream shrugged. "I kind of thought you knew and weren't saying anything, and it didn't seem like too big a deal. You never do anything dangerous, or anything like that. Sleepwalking George is just...cuddly. Usually I just give you a hug and help you back to bed."

George was looking more and more embarrassed, tugging at his fingertips with a new found nervous aggression, so Dream took this as an opportunity to swoop in and change the topic.

"Why did you come in here, anyways?" Dream asked, a nod at the dark bags under George's eyes and the puffiness of his lids.

At George's blush, Dream rushed to correct himself. "Not—not that I'm opposed. You can always come in here, you're always welcome. I was just curious—you okay?"

George fidgeted the hem of the blanket in nimble fingers. Dream didn't say anything when he didn't speak, just watched as he opened his mouth to say something and then closed it again, lips pressed tight together.

"Couldn't sleep?" Dream prompted gently now, and George shrugged.

"I don't know. I just—I felt—" George met his eyes and then glanced away immediately, gaze focusing somewhere on the wall. "I feel sad."

The honesty is heavy, words that usually go unsaid falling from George's lips in the confines of the night. The sentiment felt big, and the weight of them tugged on Dream's chest. His voice didn't stray from silk and honey for a single second as he pursued.

"What are you sad about?"

George nibbled at the skin on the inside of his lip. "I dunno." Onyx eyes flicked back to green. "I just—I woke up sad and I kinda wanted to be around someone."

Dream poked at his side. "Oh. Well, you're in luck. I'm someone," he supplied, and pride swelled in his chest when the corners of George's lips curled up.

He pushed at Dream's shoulder lightly in response, and his touch lingered a moment too long to be playful. It didn't go unnoticed. "I know that, idiot. That's why I'm here."

Heat tugged at Dream's fingertips, urging him to reach out. His skin was drawn to George's, but he took a deep breath to suppress the need to hold his hand.

"But—" George inhaled, and his hands were trembling.

*Fuck it.* Dream let himself reach out, taking his hands and encasing them with his own, pretending he wasn't enamoured by the way George's almost disappeared under his. "You aren't *just* someone. You're...Dream."

George sounded soft and mortified all at once.

"Really? I had no idea," Dream poked, and in his eyes he conveyed that he understood. That George was *George* to him too, in exactly the same way. George exhaled in relief, anxious tension residing to cool love that was tangible to them both.

"*And* an idiot," George added, in fear it sounded like too much love.

His shaky tone was all Dream needed to hear to know how raw and exposed he felt, saying this. All previous qualms subsided and Dream pulled him close in one swift movement, wrapping warm arms around slim shoulders. George made a muffled noise of surprise but didn't resist, leaning further into the touch.

He seemed hesitant, like he craved it but was worried to take. Dream could practically hear him thinking from a mile away. It was a reminder that even though he had become used to this, had grown accustomed to holding him close, George was nervous.

"Sometimes when you're sleepwalking you come into my room and just lay on top of me," Dream told him.

"What?"

"Or, like, you refuse to go to bed until you've gotten a hug."

"Oh my god," George groaned. "Shut up, I don't want to hear this."

Dream could see the amusement crinkling at the corners of his eyes, so he continued.

"It's cute," Dream insisted. "You get all clingy, it can be nice. Relaxing."

George went quiet. He couldn't see his eyes in the dark, but Dream felt the need to reassure him anyways.

"You don't have to be sleeping for me to care about you like this, you know."

"I know," George murmured, but Dream could hear in his voice he wasn't convinced.

"I'm serious."

"I know," George repeated, subdued.

"I like being close to you," Dream admitted, and it sounded like a promise. "I like taking care of you."

"*Dream*," George said, abashed and warm. He hit Dream on the arm.

Dream smiled into his hair. "What? It's true."

"You-you can't just *say* things like that."

"Why not?"

George exhaled shakily and looked up at him through fluttering lashes. "Because it's embarrassing."

"Don't be embarrassed. You take care of me too. We have, like, a system."

It was true, George had become accustomed to bringing food up to Dream when he hadn't eaten in a while, or gently tugging at his fingertips until he was dragged away from the edge of a stress-induced anxiety attack and pulled into a new distraction. They worked, like this. Dream liked loving George. He liked being loved by George.

"To be clear, sometimes you're sleepwalking funny as hell. The one time, you burst into Sapnap's room in the middle of the night and started flicking on and off his lights and like, started muttering

demonic shit.”

George laughed out loud at that, though the sound rang wet with leftover emotion. “He probably deserved that.”

Dream smiled again, shaking his head slightly. “Be nice.”

“I’m always nice.”

“I know you are.”

“The *niciest*.”

“Well, I don’t know about *that*... ”

George’s noise of protest was predictable, but it made Dream laugh anyways, though he cut himself off with a yawn. George copied the action moments later.

“That means you love me,” Dream reminded him.

George laid back against the pillows, curling into Dream’s side. Dream shifted so he was lying down comfortably next to him. Silence took the air after the comment, stretching so long Dream assumed he had fallen asleep until George’s hushed murmur blanketed over the both of them.

“Of course I do, idiot.”

Dream felt warm as he drifted to sleep.

## End Notes

am running on one hour of sleep. need coffee do not have coffee but really really wanted to post this so hopefully there r not too many issues !!! comments and kudos make my day hope u all enjoy !!

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